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it be otherwise, among men who dwell by the borders of the primeval forest, the boundless prairie or the ocean, the lake or majestic river, or where the mountains are ever smoking around them "like the altars of God"?

The time has not yet come to pronounce a complete judgment upon the intellectual character and position of the bard of Rydal Mount. Several generations must pass away before the measure and depth of his influence upon literature can be precisely estimated. It is enough to know that, in some of the highest walks of poetry, he will always be recognized as Father and Chief; that his influence will ever be elevating and ennobling; and that to none more appropriately than to himself can the benediction be ascribed, which his own lips uttered: —

" Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares."

ART. VIII. — *History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac, and the War of the North American Tribes against the English Colonies after the Conquest of Canada.* By FRANCIS PARKMAN, JR. Boston. Little & Brown. 1851. 8vo. pp. 630.

THERE is a melancholy interest in any attempts now made to garner up memorials of the aborigines of this country. Their history, so far as it can be illustrated by direct observation of their peculiar traits of character and modes of life, must soon be written. As a distinct people, preserving their purity of blood and their ancestral characteristics, they are dwindling away as rapidly as the snow melts under an April sun. The very feeble remnants of tribes which continue on this side of the Mississippi, amounting in each case hardly to a score of families, living under the negligent guardianship of the States in which they dwell, still hold the names and manifest some of the physical peculiarities of the great confederacies whence they are descended. But they have been so

altered by contact with civilization and by intermixture of blood, that their habits, their opinions, their traditions, and even their languages, no longer afford any trustworthy indication of the traits of those whom they claim as their progenitors. Those living within the boundaries of New England, for instance, already show a great predominance of mixed blood. According to a report made to the legislature of Massachusetts, in 1849, there are within this State "remnants of twelve tribes or local clans, who are living respectively at Chippequedic, Christiantown, Gay Head, Fall River, Marshpee, Herring Pond, Hassanamisco, Punkapog, Natick, Dudley, Grafton, and Yarmouth. Their whole number is estimated at 847, only about seven or eight of whom are of pure blood, the remainder being a mixture of Indian and African." In Maine, there are about a thousand more, nearly in the same condition, who claim to be descendants of the Souriquois, the Passamaquoddies, and the Penobscots. The Narragansetts, also, have about 400 representatives in Rhode Island, and the Mohegans nearly as many in Connecticut; but it is more than doubtful whether any of these are of pure blood. In the two Carolinas, there are less than 500 who call themselves Catawbas, but who are certainly more than half negro. In New York, however, we find nearly 4,000 of the reputed descendants of the Iroquois,* who have gained in civilization about as much as they have probably lost in purity of race.

A few Chippewas and Ottawas remain in the new States at the northwest; but to the wide wastes which lie between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains we must look, if anywhere, for remnants of Indian tribes properly so called, uncontaminated in blood, character, and pursuits,—true representatives of those with whom our fathers, from the first colonization of America down to the close of the last war with Great Britain, waged many long and desperate conflicts. A portion of them claim these vast tracts as their ancestral homes, which, for centuries, they shared only with the deer and buffalo; the remainder is composed of those who have been removed thither by the Government of the United

* We derive these statistics from a huge quarto volume, recently published under the authority of Congress, by H. R. Schoolcraft, Esq; it is entitled "Historical and Statistical Information respecting the History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States."

States, either forcibly or by their own consent, within the last thirty years. The policy of transporting them to this distant location, though seemingly severe, was really benevolent and judicious. It has prolonged their existence in distinct communities, with a degree of independence in the management of their own concerns; while the provisions made for their future subsistence and for protecting them against the evil consequences of unrestrained intercourse with the whites, and against the still worse effects of their own thoughtlessness and extravagance, were as wise and ample as the largest philanthropy could demand. Had they remained on the east side of the Mississippi, no measure of parental kindness and careful oversight could have averted their speedy extinction. The breath of civilization is fatal to them; they cannot live in its neighborhood. As thorough savages, irreclaimable even by the kindest influences, their natural home is the wilderness; and to remove them thither was not an arbitrary act of spoliation, but a kind attempt to preserve as much as possible of their ancient lot and original independence. Yet their removal only postponed their fate, and left them still doomed to extinction, when the rapidly advancing wave of civilization should reach their last retreat. The progress of the whites in taming the wilderness west of the Mississippi has been even more speedy than was anticipated. The colonization of Oregon, Utah, and California has caused a broad thoroughfare to be trodden out over the great steppes on the eastern acclivity of the Rocky Mountains; and as the huge caravans of our western borderers pass annually along this route, the buffaloes and the Indians retreat before them, but find no solitudes so remote as to protect them from invasion. Lines of military posts already stretch out across the continent; white settlements will soon be dotted along the river courses; and then, as the wild animals are exterminated or driven into the mountain fastnesses, the chase and the foray, the Indians' occupations, are gone. Many perish in their frequent skirmishes with the rude and overbearing emigrants who cross their plains; and their ranks are also thinned by hunger, together with the vices and diseases which the white men bring. Under these circumstances, we do not need an astrologer to cast their horoscope; as a distinct race, their days are numbered, and they must soon disappear.

Reason about the matter as we may, and deplore the result as much as we may, the fact is established by the testimony of all history, and must be admitted as a law of nature, that two races, so widely distinguished from each other as not to admit of intermarriage, cannot dwell together. The weaker will be oppressed, or driven out, or exterminated. They may continue as slaves, if they are so constituted that they can tolerate servitude. But as freemen, as subjects of the same government, or of different governments, and yet independent of each other, the weaker party must dwindle and finally disappear. The soil will bear but one race, just as the tree will produce but one sort of fruit. As this result is not caused by human laws, it cannot be remedied by human laws. The British West Indies are now in this anomalous state, — peopled by two races widely distinguished from each other, yet independent and equal in the eye of the law. The intellectual superiority of the whites being more than counterbalanced by their great inferiority in number, while they are restrained by the powerful arm of the home government from any attempt to introduce a new system of slavery, they must soon be obliged to give up their estates to their emancipated servants, and quit the islands. Already they form but a small fraction of the population, and their proportion to the whole diminishes with the lapse of every year. The legislature being impartial, so that the laws of society give both races an equal chance, the organic laws of nature assert their authority and work out their inevitable results, to the extent of giving one race exclusive possession of the soil. So in the United States, the legislation of Congress is not directed by an unfriendly spirit towards the Indians. Far from it; they are the objects of the Government's fostering care. They are already so feeble in number, and own so little, that their interests are not adverse to those of the whites; and the demands of Christian benevolence in respect to them are consequently heard and answered. Every effort is made to avert their impending doom; but every effort is vain.

It is time, then, that their history should be written. They are a peculiar race, and there is much that is interesting in their character and annals. They have long and obstinately contested the possession of the ground, and have done much harm to their conquerors. But they have been beaten back

step by step, till they have no further place for retreat; and now their warfare is over, and they are rapidly passing away. We need to know them thoroughly before we can rightly understand the history of the colonization of this country,—that great enterprise to which they offered one of the most formidable impediments. The interest with which we regard them, as they appear in history, is not merely political, or merely ethnological. The annals of missionary enterprise among them, and of the various attempts made by different nations to win them into the fold of civilized and Christian life, are curious and instructive. They have resisted these efforts, not with uniform tenacity, but with the same general result. The history of the dealings of the whites with them is not in every part a mournful record, which should fill us with compunction and sorrow. More benevolent enthusiasm and truly Christian effort have been expended upon them than upon any other race that can be named. As the issue has proved, these have in great part been wasted; but no one will regret that the trial has been fully and earnestly made.

We are glad that the task of writing one important chapter in their history has fallen into so competent hands as those of Mr. Parkman. The work has been to him a labor of love, and he has devoted himself to it with untiring zeal and assiduity, leaving no source of information unexplored, and no means of illustrating his subject untried. Five years ago, before excursions into the great desert beyond the Mississippi had become so common as they are at present, he made a long and perilous visit to that barren waste, “leaving the very shadow of civilization a hundred leagues behind him,” for the sole purpose “of studying the manners and character of the Indians in their primitive state.” Having gained the confidence and good-will of the savages, he left his white companions and became the inmate of a lodge in one of the Dahcotah villages, where he dwelt for weeks, studying their language, watching their manners, and joining in their amusements. The hardships and privations incident to such an abode he bore with unconquerable good humor, and avoided or met its perils with ready wit and manly courage. Sickness came upon him in one of its most depressing forms during this rude experience, when there was no shelter or friend at hand; and for a time it seemed more

than probable that his remains would be left unburied in that distant wilderness. But a stout heart and a mind full of resources carried him safely, under a kind Providence, through this sore trial ; and he returned to tell gayly the story of his adventures, and make golden use of the materials he had amassed for the illustration of Indian character and life. His published narrative of this expedition, called "*The Oregon Trail, being Sketches of Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life,*" was reviewed in our pages two years ago, and praised for its lively style and judicious observations. It was the record of only a small portion of the preparatory labor by which he sought to qualify himself for undertaking the present work.

The task of collecting the necessary documents, both in print and manuscript, to elucidate the chapter of Indian history which is here written, was a long and laborious one, and it has been faithfully performed. The author's researches have been extended through many public offices and private collections, both in Europe and America ; and the contemporaneous accounts, in ephemeral publications, have been carefully brought together, and diligently compared and sifted. The collection thus formed, we are told in the preface, "amounted to about three thousand four hundred manuscript pages." It has been used with excellent judgment and taste, not to supersede the necessity of writing out the history in the author's own words by supplying the means for a patchwork compilation of undigested authorities, but to afford the foundation of the narrative, which is written with great animation and freshness, and bears a distinct impress throughout of the writer's own mind. History often purports to have been composed from hitherto unedited materials and original sources of information ; but this pretension is seldom borne out so fully as in Mr. Parkman's work, which may fairly be called the contribution of a new chapter to the annals of the aborigines of America. It gives a more complete and accurate picture of Indian character and life, and of Indian warfare such as it was a century ago, than has yet appeared in print. And it is written with so much spirit and picturesque effect that it is as entertaining as a nursery tale.

The inspiring examples set by Thierry and Prescott have shown that it is possible to pursue historical labors with triumphant success under the great discouragement arising from

partial or total loss of sight. Mr. Parkman's modesty would promptly disclaim any idea of comparison between his own case and that of two such masters of their art; but the following extract from his Preface shows that he labored under a misfortune nearly as great, and that he met it with a spirit as gallant as theirs, having doubtless derived encouragement from the knowledge of their fortitude and success under similar circumstances.

"Several obstacles have retarded the progress of the work. Of these, one of the most considerable was the condition of my sight, seriously, though not permanently, impaired. For about three years, the light of day was insupportable, and every attempt at reading or writing completely debarred. Under these circumstances, the task of sifting the materials and composing the work was begun and finished. The papers were repeatedly read aloud by an amanuensis, copious notes and extracts were made, and the narrative written down from my dictation. This process, though extremely slow and laborious, was not without its advantages; and I am well convinced that the authorities have been even more minutely examined, more scrupulously collated, and more thoroughly digested, than they would have been under ordinary circumstances." p. viii.

This last remark is singularly frank, and we doubt not that it is perfectly well founded. The "celestial light shines inward" with increased brightness when the outer eye is dimmed. If most authors were compelled to recur less frequently to the written or printed page before them, and thus to trust more implicitly to their own powers of memory, reflection, and judgment, their works would do more credit to themselves, and give more instruction to mankind. The great fault of the literary culture of the present age is, that men read too much; the native fire of intellect is thus half smothered by the amount of fuel which is heaped upon it in the vain hope of increasing its flame.

The portion of Indian history which Mr. Parkman has selected for the subject of the present work is well adapted to his purpose, both of illustrating a portion of the general history of the country which has been but imperfectly treated by former writers, and of throwing a bold light upon those peculiarities in the character and condition of the native tribes at this epoch which led to the formation of a great

confederacy among them, and to an obstinate contest with the English colonies. At two different periods, under very similar circumstances, the tribes of the northwest made a concerted effort to withstand the extension of the white settlements along the shores of the great Lakes and beyond the summits of the Alleghanies. On both occasions, the outbreak was occasioned by a change in the political condition of those with whom the Indians came in immediate contact, or by a transfer of the dominion over the soil from one power to another. The first was when, after the conquest of Canada, the French surrendered their possessions in America, with the exception of Louisiana, to the English; the second outbreak followed the establishment of the independence of the Colonies. In both cases, the retention of the northwestern posts by the vanquished party after the period stipulated for their surrender was one of the inciting causes of the war, and rendered it longer and more harassing than it would otherwise have been to the whites. The French were nominally neutral in the first case, and the British in the second; but both secretly aided and encouraged the savages in their hostilities, not perhaps with the connivance of their respective governments, but under the exasperation caused by recent defeat. The Indians were seemingly feeble antagonists, in both instances, for the powers with which they were matched; but aided by the circumstances of their position and by the exposed condition of the frontier settlements, they did great injury and spread consternation throughout the land. An overwhelming force was at length led to the scene of conflict by Bradstreet and Bouquet in one case, and Wayne in the other, and the exhausted and terrified tribes were obliged to submit to hard conditions of peace, which ensured the tranquil growth of the frontier settlements for a long period.

The first of these conflicts is the subject of Mr. Parkman's history, or rather it furnishes the occasion for his animated sketch of the peculiarities of the natives, and of a border war between them and the whites. The work performs more than it promises; it is not a mere history of the conspiracy of Pontiac, and the subsequent war; it presents, also, a broad picture of the condition of the aborigines in the middle of the last century, of their relations with the French, the English, and the settlers on the frontiers, and of their

modes of life and customs in war. The whole is drawn with so much spirit and minuteness of detail, and colored so highly with the author's personal observation of life in the forest, on the prairie, and in the Indian village, that it has all the interest of romance, while fidelity to truth and nature is scrupulously preserved. The work is, therefore, a valuable contribution to the general history of the native tribes of this continent; the descriptive portions of it, even where they seem highly colored by the imagination, are as strictly historical as the narrative proper. The costume is as faithful, and as necessary to the completeness of the resemblance, as the limbs and features of the statue.

From the first chapter, which gives a general account of the Indian tribes east of the Mississippi, of their classification into three great families, and of their political and social organization, we make the following extract. It shows that the writer has happily avoided the easily besetting sin of those who have labored with enthusiasm upon the biography of an individual or a people, — that of falling in love with the subject, and portraying it in colors rather of fond association and friendship, than of a clear perception and strict argument.

“Of the Indian character, much has been written foolishly, and credulously believed. By the rhapsodies of poets, the cant of sentimentalists, and the extravagance of some who should have known better, a counterfeit image has been tricked out, which might seek in vain for its likeness through every corner of the habitable earth; an image bearing no more resemblance to its original than the monarch of the tragedy and the hero of the epic poem bear to their living prototypes in the palace and the camp. The shadows of his wilderness home, and the darker mantle of his own inscrutable reserve, have made the Indian warrior a wonder and a mystery. Yet to the eye of rational observation there is nothing unintelligible in him. He is full, it is true, of contradiction. He deems himself the centre of greatness and renown; his pride is proof against the fiercest torments of fire and steel; and yet the same man would beg for a dram of whiskey, or pick up a crust of bread thrown to him like a dog, from the tent door of the traveller. At one moment, he is wary and cautious to the verge of cowardice; at the next, he abandons himself to a very insanity of recklessness, and the habitual self-restraint which throws an impenetrable veil over

emotion is joined to the wild, impetuous passions of a beast or a madman."

"Nature has stamped the Indian with a hard and stern physiognomy. Ambition, revenge, envy, jealousy, are his ruling passions; and his cold temperament is little exposed to those effeminate vices which are the bane of milder races. With him revenge is an overpowering instinct; nay, more, it is a point of honor and a duty. His pride sets all language at defiance. He loathes the thought of coercion; and few of his race have ever stooped to discharge a menial office. A wild love of liberty, an utter intolerance of control, lie at the basis of his character, and fire his whole existence. Yet, in spite of this haughty independence, he is a devout hero-worshipper; and high achievement in war or policy touches a chord to which his nature never fails to respond. He looks up with admiring reverence to the sages and heroes of his tribe; and it is this principle, joined to the respect for age, which springs from the patriarchal element in his social system, which, beyond all others, contributes union and harmony to the erratic members of an Indian community. With him the love of glory kindles into a burning passion; and to allay its cravings, he will dare cold and famine, fire, tempest, torture, and death itself.

"These generous traits are overcast by much that is dark, cold, and sinister, by sleepless distrust, and rankling jealousy. Treacherous himself, he is always suspicious of treachery in others. Brave as he is — and few of mankind are braver — he will vent his passion by a secret stab rather than an open blow. His warfare is full of ambuscade and stratagem; and he never rushes into battle with that joyous self-abandonment, with which the warriors of the Gothic races flung themselves into the ranks of their enemies. In his feasts and his drinking-bouts we find none of that robust and full-toned mirth which reigned at the rude carousals of our barbaric ancestry. He is never jovial in his cups, and maudlin sorrow or maniacal rage is the sole result of his potations.

"Over all emotion he throws the veil of an iron self-control, originating in a peculiar form of pride, and fostered by rigorous discipline from childhood upward. He is trained to conceal passion, and not to subdue it. The inscrutable warrior is aptly imaged by the hackneyed figure of a volcano covered with snow; and no man can say when or where the wild fire will burst forth. This shallow self-mastery serves to give dignity to public deliberation, and harmony to social life. Wrangling and quarrel are strangers to an Indian dwelling; and while an assembly of the ancient Gauls was garrulous as a convocation of magpies, a

Roman senate might have taken a lesson from the grave solemnity of an Indian council. In the midst of his family and friends, he hides affections, by nature none of the most tender, under a mask of icy coldness; and in the torturing fires of his enemy, the haughty sufferer maintains to the last his look of grim defiance."

"Some races of men seem moulded in wax, soft and melting, at once plastic and feeble. Some races, like some metals, combine the greatest flexibility with the greatest strength; but the Indian is hewn out of a rock. You cannot change the form without destruction of the substance. Such, at least, has too often proved the case. Races of inferior energy have possessed a power of expansion and assimilation to which he is a stranger; and it is this fixed and rigid quality which has proved his ruin. He will not learn the arts of civilization, and he and his forest must perish together. The stern, unchanging features of his mind excite our admiration, from their very immutability; and we look with deep interest on the fate of this irreclaimable son of the wilderness, the child who will not be weaned from the breast of his rugged mother. And our interest increases when we discern in the unhappy wanderer, mingled among his vices, the germs of heroic virtues — a hand bountiful to bestow, as it is rapacious to seize, and, even in extremest famine, imparting its last morsel to a fellow-sufferer; a heart which, strong in friendship as in hate, thinks it not too much to lay down life for its chosen comrade; a soul true to its own idea of honor, and burning with an unquenchable thirst for greatness and renown.

"The imprisoned lion in the showman's cage differs not more widely from the lord of the desert, than the beggarly frequenter of frontier garrisons and dram shops differs from the proud denizen of the woods. It is in his native wilds alone that the Indian must be seen and studied. Thus to depict him is the aim of the ensuing History; and if, from the shades of rock and forest, the savage features should look too grimly forth, it is because the clouds of a tempestuous war have cast upon the picture their murky shadows and lurid fires." pp. 35 — 40.

The French and English colonies in America were widely contrasted with each other in many respects, but especially in the influences which they exerted over the native tribes, and in the different plans by which they governed their intercourse with them. The former had a great advantage in the zeal and enterprise of their missionaries, who braved the most frightful perils of the wilderness in their anxiety to win over the savages to Christianity, and to make them

faithful servants to a Catholic king. The faith which they preached, from the abundance of its ritual ceremonies and its appeals to outward sense, was better adapted to the savage mind than the stern simplicity and spirituality of Puritanic belief. The Jesuits and Recollets made many converts among the children of the forest ; at least, they baptized many, and hung crucifixes around their necks, and taught them to repeat the simplest formulas of prayer. The influence thus acquired was great, though it was short-lived. While in company with their spiritual guides, the Indians were docile and devout ; separated from them, they soon relapsed into all the excesses of barbarism. The plastic nature of the Frenchman, also, fitted him to become a friend and ally of the red men ; he did not do much to civilize the savages, but he became almost a savage himself. He joined them in the chase and the dance, built a wigwam in their village for his dusky concubine, and trained his children to become members of the tribe, and to adopt almost every peculiarity of Indian costume and manners. Still, he did not lose his nationality, but preserved his loyalty and, to a great extent, his religious faith, and rendered cheerful obedience to the representative of his monarch, the governor of Canada. Fond of rambling and adventure, averse to the prolonged labors of agriculture, and satisfied with moderate gains and much amusement, the French pushed their explorations and their alliances with the Indians far beyond the English, but took no permanent hold of the soil. They established missionary stations and military posts in the heart of the wilderness, forming a line of connection between Canada and Louisiana. But few permanent settlements grew up around these detached posts, and none of the fixed agencies of civilization were there established. The hold of the French upon the country was political and military, not colonial or agricultural. When the fortunes of war had once hoisted the British flag upon the ramparts, the temporary French villages in the neighborhood soon dwindled and disappeared.

The English settlers sternly rejected all intimacy of connection with the natives, and tamed the wilderness as they slowly but sturdily advanced, relying on the plough for a subsistence, and on their own right arms and stout hearts for

a defence against all perils. They were often rude and overbearing in conduct, and not infrequently provoked dangers which they were not able to repel. But they turned no steps backwards, and adhered to the ground which they had once gained with inflexible determination. They had felled the forests, planted their crops, and erected their dwellings; and the spot was thus made their own, and consecrated under the fixed Anglo-Saxon notion of property. Under no circumstances would they abandon it to the savages. If once driven off, and the settlement laid waste with fire and tomahawk, they returned and inflicted full vengeance on the assailants. A line of feeble and widely-separated settlements, pushed far into the forests, formed the English frontier, and were often desolated by the extremities of savage warfare. But a few years of peace caused them to be rebuilt, and another line of villages to be pushed out into the wilderness. The protection afforded by government was feeble and dilatory. The Colonies were not united even in their plans of action; expeditions undertaken by them failed from want of concert and of direction by one head.

“By the force of energetic industry, their population swelled with an unheard-of rapidity, their wealth increased in a yet greater ratio, and their promise of future greatness opened with every advancing year. But it was a greatness rather of peace than of war. The free institutions, the independence of authority, which were the source of their increase, were adverse to that unity of counsel and promptitude of action which are the soul of war. It was far otherwise with their military rival. France had her Canadian forces well in hand. They had but one will, and that was the will of a mistress. Now here, now there, in sharp and rapid onset, they could assail the cumbrous masses and unwieldy strength of their antagonists, as the king-bird attacks the eagle, or the swordfish the whale. Between two such combatants the strife must needs be a long one.” pp. 44, 45.

The great struggle between France and England for exclusive possession of the back country of North America began in 1753, and lasted seven years. It was a critical period for the native tribes, a contest which was to determine whether they were to hold joint and peaceable possession, with an allied power and a people who understood their humors and conformed in a great degree to their habits, of their native

land, or whether they were to give it up to the uncompromising friends of civilization, before whose steady progress their camp fires would die out, and their name and nation pass away. They had not foresight enough to see the political importance of the crisis, but the causes already mentioned led them to select their own course aright. Except the Five Nations, who had been assailed by the French and over whom Sir William Johnson had great influence, they took part against the English; and their aid prolonged and embittered a contest which would otherwise have come to a speedy termination; for the French were greatly inferior in military strength to their antagonists.

Yet the governors of Canada and Louisiana had skilfully concerted their measures to withstand the westward progress of the English settlements. The latter colony, after it had been nursed with great trouble and expense through a feeble infancy, had now acquired strength to maintain itself in its distant but admirably-chosen position.

“In spite of a vicious plan of government, in spite of the bursting of the ever-memorable Mississippi bubble, the new colony grew in wealth and strength. And now it remained for France to unite the two extremities of her broad American domain, to extend forts and settlements across the fertile solitudes between the valley of the St. Lawrence and the mouth of the Mississippi, and intrench herself among the forests which lie west of the Alleghanies, before the swelling tide of British colonization could overflow those mountain barriers. At the middle of the eighteenth century, her mighty project was fast advancing towards completion. The great lakes and streams, the thoroughfares of the wilderness, were seized and guarded by a series of posts distributed with admirable skill. A fort on the strait of Niagara commanded the great entrance to the whole interior country. Another at Detroit controlled the passage from Lake Erie to the north. Another at St. Mary's debarred all hostile access to Lake Superior. Another at Michillimackinac secured the mouth of Lake Michigan. A post at Green Bay, and one at St. Joseph, guarded the routes to the Mississippi, by way of the Rivers Wisconsin and Illinois; while two posts on the Wabash, and one on the Maumee, made France the mistress of the great trading highway from Lake Erie to the Ohio. At Kaskaskia, Cahokia, and elsewhere in the Illinois, little French settlements had sprung up; and as the canoe of the voyager descended the Mississippi, he saw, at rare intervals, along its swampy margin, a few small

stockade forts, half buried amid the redundancy of forest vegetation, until, as he approached Natchez, the dwellings of the *habitans* of Louisiana began to appear.

"The forest posts of France were not exclusively of a military character. Adjacent to most of them, one would have found a little cluster of Canadian dwellings, whose tenants lived under the protection of the garrison, and obeyed the arbitrary will of the commandant; an authority which, however, was seldom exerted in a despotic spirit. In these detached settlements, there was no principle of increase. The character of the people, and of the government which ruled them, were alike unfavorable to it. Agriculture was neglected for the more congenial pursuits of the fur trade, and the restless, roving Canadians, scattered abroad on their wild vocation, allied themselves to Indian women, and filled the woods with a mongrel race of bush-rangers.

"Thus far secure in the west, France next essayed to gain foothold upon the sources of the Ohio, and, about the year 1748, the sagacious Count Galissonniere proposed to bring over ten thousand peasants from France, and plant them in the valley of that beautiful river, and on the borders of the lakes. But while at Quebec, in the castle of St. Louis, soldiers and statesmen were revolving schemes like this, the slowly-moving power of England bore on with silent progress from the east. Already the British settlements were creeping along the valley of the Mohawk, and ascending the eastern slopes of the Alleghanies. Forests crashing to the axe, dark spires of smoke ascending from autumnal fires, were heralds of the advancing host; and while, on one side of the Alleghanies, Celeron de Bienville was burying plates of lead, engraved with the arms of France, the ploughs and axes of Virginian woodsmen were enforcing a surer title on the other. The adverse powers were drawing near. The hour of collision was at hand." pp. 55-57.

The nature and issue of a war between two such powers might have been predicted without much difficulty. To save the frontier settlements from savage incursions, and to break the enemy's long line of communication between Canada and Louisiana, it was necessary to strike quick and formidable blows against the isolated French posts in the wilderness. Seemingly overwhelming forces might easily be directed against any one of them. But the British army of that day was an unwieldy and cumbrous machine, overburdened with baggage and the munitions of war, led by brave but pedantic officers, and likely to be thrown into inextricable confusion and distress by the difficulties of hewing a path through the forests and

over the mountains, in constant danger of ambuscades by a light-heeled and enterprising foe, who knew every narrow pass on the route, and could at any moment bring a cloud of savage allies to the encounter. Could the English reach the point to be attacked, they were sure of an easy victory ; but it was most probable that they would be waylaid while on the march, and scattered like sheep before wolves. The first years of the war would be filled with surprises and disastrous failures, and the French would exult in the prospect of establishing their dominion forever over the lakes and backwoods of America. But the exasperation and alarm created by defeat would lead only to renewed efforts on the part of the English, — efforts made with the usual dogged pertinacity of the race, and with larger means and experience dearly bought. The first marked success thus obtained would shake the attachment of their savage allies to the French, and a second stroke would leave the latter to bear the brunt of the war alone. Only large reinforcements from the mother country, which were not to be expected while the war still raged in Europe, could then prevent the British flag from being planted on the ramparts of Montreal and Quebec ; while the posts in the interior, deprived of the sources to which they looked for supplies, must soon be given up without a struggle. The sagacity, as well as the vigor and determination, of the elder Pitt was evinced by the blow which he aimed directly at the heart of the enemy's power in Canada, — by the expedition under Wolfe against Quebec, which virtually terminated the war.

Mr. Parkman gives an animated and picturesque sketch of the principal events of this war in America, chiefly with a view to show what part the Indians bore in the struggle, and how they were affected by its termination. Often as the story of Braddock's defeat, of the battles near Lake George, of the repulse of Ticonderoga, and of Wolfe's victory has been repeated, it was never told with more liveliness and effect, or with stricter regard to accuracy in all the details, than in this volume. We would gladly borrow for our readers some of the author's striking battle-pieces, where the primeval forests, the thickly-wooded banks of a waterfall, or the still surface of a secluded lake, form the foreground and background of the picture ; but want of space compels us to hurry on.

The Indians could hardly comprehend that their French allies had been completely conquered, and they saw but imperfectly that the change from the French to the English dominion was to be disastrous to themselves. But sad experience soon enlightened them, and a rude instinct taught them to seek strength in union before they sought to avenge their wrongs. Their new neighbors had never courted the favor of the natives with much earnestness, and now, when they had no longer the French as rivals, they deemed it less necessary than ever to secure the good-will of those who might be formidable allies of a hostile power, but who seemed contemptible foes when they stood alone. The presents, which the Indians had been accustomed to receive, were no longer furnished; the English fur traders cheated and abused them without restraint. The new garrisons of the surrendered forts did not affect any courtesy towards them, and the pioneer settlers rudely seized upon their lands. The French traders and *coureurs des bois*, exasperated at the loss of the advantages which they had enjoyed in trade, strove to stimulate the anger of the natives, merely to gratify their own thirst for revenge; for the success of the natives would not restore their own influence over them; that was lost forever, through the surrender of Canada and its dependencies. The fury of the tribes was still further excited by the arts of a pretended prophet among them, the precursor of the one who played so conspicuous a part in Tecumseh's war. He was a Delaware by nation; but his reputation had spread to the northwestern tribes, whom he skillfully encouraged to take up arms. Partial conspiracies were soon formed against the English; but they were unskillfully managed, were betrayed, and nipped in the bud. A master spirit was needed to contrive a plan for a general outbreak, and direct the first movements of the contest; and one was speedily found in the remarkable savage who has given his name to the war. At first, he had received the English, when they came to claim the surrender of the French posts, with a show of satisfaction, hoping by their aid to further his schemes of personal aggrandizement; but he was superciliously treated, and then resolved to sacrifice every thing to his hope of revenge. Mr. Parkman may be allowed to sketch his character.

"Pontiac was principal chief of the Ottawas. The Ottawas,

Ojibwas, and Pottawattamies, had long been united in a loose kind of confederacy, of which he was the virtual head. Over those around him his authority was almost despotic, and his power extended far beyond the limits of the three united tribes. His influence was great among all the nations of the Illinois country; while, from the sources of the Ohio to those of the Mississippi, and, indeed, to the farthest boundaries of the wide-spread Algonquin race, his name was known and respected.

"The fact that Pontiac was born the son of a chief would in no degree account for the extent of his power; for, among Indians, many a chief's son sinks back into insignificance, while the offspring of a common warrior may succeed to his place. Among all the wild tribes of the continent, personal merit is indispensable to gaining or preserving dignity. Courage, resolution, wisdom, address, and eloquence are sure passports to distinction. With all these Pontiac was preëminently endowed, and it was chiefly to them, urged to their highest activity by a vehement ambition, that he owed his greatness. His intellect was strong and capacious. He possessed commanding energy and force of mind, and in subtlety and craft could match the best of his wily race. But, though capable of acts of lofty magnanimity, he was a thorough savage, with a wider range of intellect than those around him, but sharing all their passions and prejudices, their fierceness and treachery. Yet his faults were the faults of his race; and they cannot eclipse his nobler qualities, the great powers and heroic virtues of his mind. His memory is still cherished among the remnants of many Algonquin tribes, and the celebrated Tecumseh adopted him for his model, proving himself no unworthy imitator.

"Pontiac was now about fifty years old. Until Major Rogers came into the country, he had been, from motives probably both of interest and inclination, a firm friend of the French. Not long before the French war broke out, he had saved the garrison of Detroit from the imminent peril of an attack from some of the discontented tribes of the north. During the war, he had fought on the side of France. It is said that he commanded the Ottawas at the memorable defeat of Braddock; but, at all events, he was treated with much honor by the French officers, and received especial marks of esteem from the Marquis of Montcalm." pp. 161 – 163.

Early in the spring of 1763, the preparations of Pontiac were complete, and a confederacy was formed against the English which embraced all the tribes of the Algonquin family, the Senecas among the Iroquois, the Wyandots, and

some tribes of the Mobilian race. The month of May was the time fixed for the outbreak of the conspiracy, and the secret was skilfully kept till that period, though so many were parties to it; one or two commanders of the frontier garrisons conceived alarm from the agitation that prevailed among the Indians in their neighborhood, but the warnings which they gave were unheeded. The English were tired of the war and fatigued with their exertions; but few troops remained on service, and their officers could not believe that the Indians alone would be mad enough to resume hostilities after the French had been vanquished. The scheme was, that at the general rising, each tribe should endeavor to surprise the English fort in its vicinity, and destroy its garrison, after which, all the Indians should make a rush upon the frontier settlements. The plan was successfully executed against the smaller garrisons, all of which were taken unawares, and most of their defenders were murdered. Forts Sandusky, St. Joseph, Michillimackinac, Ouatanon, and Miami were captured without resistance, and before their garrisons knew that they were surrounded by enemies; at Presqu'Isle there was hard fighting, but the defences were slight, and the soldiers too few to offer effectual resistance to over two hundred savages. The garrison abandoned the main body of the fort, and took refuge in a block-house, where they maintained themselves bravely for more than forty-eight hours, though the walls and roof of the building were frequently set on fire with burning arrows, and the bullets fell like hail upon those who strove to quench the flames. The gallant commander, Ensign Christie, yielded only when he found that the Indians had burrowed their way under ground up to the very walls, so that, at the next trial, the house would certainly be reduced to ashes. The reduction of this fort was followed by the capture of two smaller posts, not far off, and by pressing with renewed vigor the sieges of Fort Pitt and the garrison of Detroit, the fall of both of which seemed for a time inevitable.

The siege of Detroit and the efforts made to relieve its garrison were among the most remarkable events of the war. Had this fort yielded, the main body of Pontiac's force would have been at liberty to join in the attack on the settlements, and the country might have been laid waste from the

Alleghanies to the banks of the Hudson and the Delaware. Here Pontiac commanded in person, as the seat of his tribe was on the left bank of the river, opposite the fort, and the villages of his allies, the Wyandots and Pottawattamies, were close at hand. Large parties of the Ojibwas also joined him during the siege, so that more than eight hundred warriors were here collected; and as they brought their squaws and children with them, the whole number of Indians was at least three thousand. These were fed in part by contributions levied on the French settlers, whose slight dwellings were scattered along both banks of the river, above and below the fort. The French were about twenty-five hundred in all, and most of them remained neutral during the contest, though some joined the assailants, and a few, provoked by the exactions of the Indians, secretly aided the English.

"The British garrison, consisting partly of regulars and partly of provincial rangers, was now quartered in a well-built range of barracks within the town or fort. The latter, as already mentioned, contained about a hundred small houses. Its form was nearly square, and the palisade which surrounded it was about twenty-five feet high. At each corner was a wooden bastion, and a blockhouse was erected over each gateway. The houses were small, chiefly built of wood, and roofed with bark or a thatch of straw. The streets also were extremely narrow, though a wide passage way, known as the *chemin du ronde*, surrounded the town between the houses and the palisade. Besides the barracks, the only public buildings were a council-house and a rude little church.

"The garrison consisted of a hundred and twenty soldiers, with about forty fur-traders and *engagés*; but the latter, as well as the peaceful Canadian inhabitants of the place, could little be trusted, in the event of an Indian outbreak. Two small armed schooners, the *Beaver* and the *Gladwyn*, lay anchored in the stream, and several light pieces of artillery were mounted in the bastions." p. 190.

Pontiac's scheme, for taking the garrison by surprise before the hostile intentions of the Indians became known to them, failed, through the attachment of an Indian girl to her white lover, and her betrayal of the plot to him just before the time fixed for its execution. Major Gladwyn, the British commandant, might then have seized Pontiac and sixty of

his chiefs, when they entered the fort under the pretext of holding an amicable council, but with shortened guns under their blankets, expecting to find, as usual, only a few soldiers on guard, and to be able to overpower them by a rush, to kill the officers, and open the gates to their comrades, before the rest of the English could seize their arms. But Gladwyn was not aware of the extent of the conspiracy, and imagined that this particular plot was only a temporary ebullition of ill-nature, which might be repressed by an imposing show of force and by lenient treatment of the conspirators. He therefore mustered his whole garrison under arms, coolly admitted Pontiac and his band when they came, shut the gate behind them, and permitted the council to be held under the levelled guns of his soldiers. The astonished chieftain saw that his plot was discovered, and after making a short speech, was glad enough to be permitted to return before a word had been uttered about his treachery. The next day he came again, with a great crowd of his people, and demanded admittance, but received a contemptuous refusal. Instantly his followers raised the war-whoop, and after brutally murdering two aged English people who dwelt outside the walls, opened a sharp fire from all sides upon the fort. But this attack, notwithstanding their numbers, was not formidable; the garrison fought under cover, and nearly every shot from them told, while the Indian bullets buried themselves in the palisade. Burning arrows and lighted balls of pitch were thrown against the works, but the water, which was kept at hand for the purpose, immediately quenched the flame. A few shots also, from the light cannon mounted on the walls, obliged the Indians at most points to keep a respectful distance, while parties sallied from the fort and levelled or burned the neighboring houses and other obstructions, so that the assailants could not approach under shelter.

But the place was now beleaguered in great force, and Pontiac pressed the siege with indomitable obstinacy, showing the powers of a great general in keeping his unruly warriors together, supplying their wants, and directing their efforts against the most vulnerable points. The garrison were worn out with watching and fatigue, and the faculties of the officers were constantly strained to detect and defeat the wiles of the savages. The greatest danger was of the

want of food ; for the attack had come so suddenly upon them, that no time had been given to collect provisions, and the storehouses were nearly empty. Every thing edible within the fort was collected and placed in store, to be doled out with a sparing hand. Fortunately, through the friendship of a few of the Canadians who dwelt outside, and from the Indians' want of skill in completing the blockade, a supply of cattle and grain, enough for all immediate want, was smuggled into the fort by night. Still the danger was imminent, for during the day ; not a head could appear at a loophole or above the palisade, without becoming a mark for a bullet. Every neighboring tree and inequality of the ground sheltered a lurking savage, with his gun constantly pointed against the walls, waiting a chance for a shot. All hope depended on the arrival of the detachment from Niagara, which usually came in the spring, bringing a supply of food and ammunition to the western posts. Mr. Parkman may tell how this hope was fulfilled.

“ The fort, or rather town, of Detroit had, by this time lost its wonted vivacity and life. Its narrow streets were gloomy and silent. Here and there strolled a Canadian, in red cap and gaudy sash ; the weary sentinel walked to and fro before the quarters of the commandant ; an officer, perhaps, passed along with rapid step and anxious face ; or an Indian girl, the mate of some soldier or trader, moved silently by, in her finery of beads and vermillion. Such an aspect as this the town must have presented on the morning of the thirtieth of May, when, at about nine o'clock, the voice of the sentinel sounded from the south-east bastion, and loud exclamations, in the direction of the river, roused Detroit from its lethargy. Instantly the place was astir. Soldiers, traders, and *habitans*, hurrying through the water gate, thronged the canoe wharf and the narrow strand without. The half-wild *coureurs des bois*, the tall and sinewy provincials, and the stately British soldiers, stood crowded together, their uniforms soiled and worn, and their faces haggard with unremitted watching. Yet all alike wore an animated and joyous look. The long-expected convoy was full in sight. On the farther side of the river, at some distance below the fort, a line of boats was rounding the woody projection, then called Montreal Point, their oars flashing in the sun, and the red flag of England flying from the stern of the foremost. The toils and dangers of the garrison were drawing to an end. With one accord, they broke into three hearty cheers, again and again repeated, while a can-

non, glancing from the bastion, sent its loud voice of defiance to the enemy, and welcome to approaching friends. But suddenly every cheek grew pale with horror. Dark naked figures were seen rising, with wild gesture, in the boats, while, in place of the answering salute, the distant yell of the war-whoop fell faintly on their ears. The convoy was in the hands of the enemy. The boats had all been taken, and the troops of the detachment slain or made captive. Officers and men stood gazing in mournful silence, when an incident occurred which caused them to forget the general calamity in the absorbing interest of the moment.

"Leaving the disappointed garrison, we will pass over to the principal victims of this deplorable misfortune. In each of the boats, of which there were eighteen, two or more of the captured soldiers, deprived of their weapons, were compelled to act as rowers, guarded by several armed savages, while many other Indians, for the sake of farther security, followed the boats along the shore. In the foremost, as it happened, there were four soldiers and only three Indians. The larger of the two vessels still lay anchored in the stream, about a bow-shot from the fort, while her companion, as we have seen, had gone down to Niagara to hasten up this very reënforcement. As the boat came opposite this vessel, the soldier who acted as steersman conceived a daring plan of escape. The principal Indian sat immediately in front of another of the soldiers. The steersman called, in English, to his comrade to seize the savage and throw him overboard. The man answered that he was not strong enough; on which the steersman directed him to change places with him, as if fatigued with rowing, a movement which would excite no suspicion on the part of their guard. As the bold soldier stepped forward, as if to take his companion's oar, he suddenly seized the Indian by the hair, and gripping with the other hand the girdle at his waist, lifted him by main force, and flung him into the river. The boat rocked till the water surged over her gunwale. The Indian held fast to his enemy's clothes, and, drawing himself upward as he trailed alongside, stabbed him again and again with his knife, and then dragged him overboard. Both went down the swift current, rising and sinking; and, as some relate, perished, grappled in each other's arms. The two remaining Indians leaped out of the boat. The prisoners turned, and pulled for the distant vessel, shouting aloud for aid. The Indians on shore opened a heavy fire upon them, and many canoes paddled swiftly in pursuit. The men strained with desperate strength. A fate inexpressibly horrible was the alternative. The bullets hissed thickly around their heads; one of

them was soon wounded, and the light birch canoes gained on them with fearful rapidity. Escape seemed hopeless, when the report of a cannon burst from the side of the vessel. The ball flew close past the boat, beating the water in a line of foam, and narrowly missing the foremost canoe. At this, the pursuers drew back in dismay; and the Indians on shore, being farther saluted by a second shot, ceased firing, and scattered among the bushes. The prisoners soon reached the vessel, where they were greeted as men snatched from the jaws of fate; 'a living monument,' writes an officer of the garrison, 'that Fortune favors the brave.'

"They related many particulars of the catastrophe which had befallen them and their companions. Lieutenant Cuyler had left Fort Niagara as early as the thirteenth of May, and embarked from Fort Schlosser, just above the falls, with ninety-six men and a plentiful supply of provision and ammunition. Day after day he had coasted along the northern shore of Lake Erie, and had seen neither friend nor foe amid those lonely forests and waters, when, on the twenty-eighth of the month, he landed at Point Pelée, not far from the mouth of the River Detroit. The boats were drawn on the beach, and the party prepared to encamp. A man and a boy went to gather firewood at a short distance from the spot, when an Indian leaped out of the woods, seized the boy by the hair, and tomahawked him. The man ran into camp with the alarm. Cuyler immediately formed his soldiers into a semicircle before the boats. He had scarcely done so when the enemy opened their fire. For an instant, there was a hot blaze of musketry on both sides; then the Indians broke out of the woods in a body, and rushed fiercely upon the centre of the line, which gave way in every part; the men flinging down their guns, running in a blind panic to the boats, and struggling with ill-directed efforts to shove them into the water. Five were set afloat, and pushed off from the shore, crowded with the terrified soldiers. Cuyler, seeing himself, as he says, deserted by his men, waded up to his neck in the lake, and climbed into one of the retreating boats. The Indians, on their part, pushing two more afloat, went in pursuit of the fugitives, three boat loads of whom allowed themselves to be recaptured without resistance; but the remaining two, in one of which was Cuyler himself, made their escape. They rowed all night, and landed in the morning upon a small island. Between thirty and forty men, some of whom were wounded, were crowded in these two boats; the rest, about sixty in number, being killed or taken. Cuyler now made for Sandusky, which, on his arrival, he found burnt to the ground. Immediately

leaving the spot, he rowed along the south shore to Presqu' Isle, from whence he proceeded to Niagara, and reported his loss to Major Wilkins, the commanding officer." pp. 230-235.

We would gladly follow Mr. Parkman's full and picturesque narrative of this siege, which lasted till November, when it was abandoned by Pontiac in despair. It was filled with incidents of thrilling interest; and this minute and graphic account of them, based upon notes and reports written at the time, but now first brought to light, and upon traditions collected on the spot from the children of eye witnesses of the scene, has all the attractiveness of romance. Pontiac had exhausted all the arts of savage warfare against the beleaguered garrison. He had entrapped two of the chief officers of the fort, who, with inexcusable confidence in such an enemy, had been sent out to hold a parley with him at his request; and by menaces of torturing them to death, or by holding them in front as a shield to his own warriors when they advanced to the attack, he endeavored to force a surrender. But this attempt was defeated through their generous contempt of death, and by the firmness of the British commandant. The savages then attacked with fire-rafts the two schooners which had contributed so much to the safety of the garrison; but the vigilance and activity of the crews averted this danger. Reinforcements, more fortunate than those led by Cuyler, braved the perils that surrounded the narrow reaches of the river, and fought their way up to the fort. Then a night sally in force, against Pontiac's camp, now pitched several miles above, was proposed, and Captain Daltzell, an old companion in arms of Israel Putnam, volunteered to lead it. Two hundred and fifty brave men filed noiselessly out of the gate shortly after midnight, of whom a quarter part were never to return. The plan was betrayed to Pontiac by some of the Canadians, and he had posted the greater part of his force in ambuscade along the road. The men were allowed to march half way unmolested, and then a hot fire suddenly burst upon them from all the surrounding woods. In the darkness, not an enemy could be seen, and there was nothing to guide the troops but the flashes of the guns. In vain did officers and men display the most heroic bravery, for they knew that, against such opponents, they were fighting for their lives. They charged bayonet repeat-

edly up to the very spot whence the principal fire came, only to find it empty, and to be assailed with equal fury from the rear. A retreat was sounded, and but for the coolness and resolution of Dalzell, it would have become a headlong flight. Soon, however, this gallant officer was shot down, and the command devolved on the famous Major Rogers, of the Rangers. Morning dawned, but a heavy fog lay upon the earth, and kept the enemy almost as obscure as they had been during the night; and still from every wood, fence, and house came the incessant flashes of the guns and the yells of the Indians. At last, one party of the English gained possession of a house, and another, in advance of them, of an orchard, where they could maintain themselves, and through them a communication was opened with the fort. "About eight o'clock, after six hours of marching and combat, the detachment entered once more within the sheltering palisades of Detroit."

Meanwhile the frontier settlements of the English were suffering all the horrors of war. The whole white population might then have found ample space on a narrow strip of land along the Atlantic coast; but a strong principle of diffusion seems to operate on the Anglo-Saxon race when they begin to colonize a new country. Villages were scattered in Pennsylvania as far west as the Susquehanna, in Virginia as far as the Blue Ridge, and in New York up to the German Flats, on the Mohawk. Even beyond these lines, comparatively isolated settlers had established themselves along the military routes which led to the western posts, which were kept up for their protection, but with too feeble garrisons fully to answer this end. Most of these forts had now fallen, and Detroit and Fort Pitt were thickly beset and hard pressed. Scalping parties circled round them, and carried the torch and tomahawk far down the eastern slope of the Alleghanies. "A thousand families were driven from their homes, and on both sides of the Susquehanna, the woods were filled with fugitives, without shelter and without food." Carlisle was crowded with them, and many passed through that place, not deeming themselves safe till they reached Lancaster. Strong bodies of armed men went out to reconnoitre the country to the westward, but only found such traces of the enemy as were afforded by the smoking remains

of small settlements, and by the mutilated bodies of their inhabitants. Sickened by the sight, and filled with alarm for their own families, the rude and daring backwoodsmen conceived a burning thirst for revenge, and an intense hatred to the whole Indian race. Dissension soon sprang up between them and the Quaker inhabitants of Philadelphia and its neighborhood, who made an inopportune application of their principles of peace, and refused to contribute for the defence of the frontiers under the plea of their repugnance to war. The exasperated borderers, lacking other objects of vengeance, turned upon the few feeble Indian families, that had been Christianized and were living within the white settlements, and butchered them in cold blood. The survivors, fourteen in number, fled for safety to Lancaster; but "the Paxton boys," as the avenging party of frontiersmen were called, pursued them even there, burst open the county jail, in which they had been sheltered, and shot every one of them, though among them were several women and children. Then their fury turned against the Christian Indians attached to the Moravian missions, who were conducted for protection to Philadelphia, where they were with difficulty saved from the populace and the soldiery by the Quakers. The Paxton boys again pursued them, and the exasperation between different parties of the whites, between citizens and borderers, Quakers and Presbyterians, became so great, that for a time it seemed as if the horrors of civil war were to be added to the atrocities of an Indian contest.

We borrow a passage from Mr. Parkman's book to show the character of those events which drove the backwoodsmen to commit these fearful outrages.

"Among the numerous war-parties which were now ravaging the borders, none was more destructive than a band, about sixty in number, which ascended the Kenawha, and pursued its desolating course among the settlements about the sources of that river. They passed valley after valley, sometimes attacking the inhabitants by surprise, and sometimes murdering them under the mask of friendship, until they came to the little settlement of Greenbrier, where nearly a hundred of the people were assembled at the fortified house of Archibald Glendenning. Seeing two or three Indians approach, whom they recognized as former acquaintances, they suffered them to enter without distrust; but

the new-comers were soon joined by others, until the entire party were gathered in and around the buildings. Some suspicion was now awakened, and in order to propitiate the dangerous guests, they were presented with the carcass of an elk lately brought in by the hunters. They immediately cut it up, and began to feast upon it. The backwoodsmen, with their families, were assembled in one large room; and finding themselves mingled among the Indians, and embarrassed by the presence of the women and children, they remained indecisive and irresolute. Meanwhile, an old woman, who sat in a corner of the room, and who had lately received some slight accidental injury, asked one of the warriors if he could cure the wound. He replied that he thought he could, and, to make good his words, killed her with his tomahawk. This was the signal for a scene of general butchery. A few persons made their escape; the rest were killed or captured. Glendenning snatched up one of his children, and rushed from the house, but was shot dead as he leaped the fence. A negro woman gained a place of concealment, whither she was followed by her screaming child; and, fearing lest the cries of the boy should betray her, she turned and killed him at a blow. Among the prisoners was the wife of Glendenning, a woman of a most masculine spirit, who, far from being overpowered by what she had seen, was excited to the extremity of rage, charged her captors with treachery, cowardice, and ingratitude, and assailed them with a tempest of abuse. Neither the tomahawk, which they brandished over her head, nor the scalp of her murdered husband, with which they struck her in the face, could silence the undaunted virago. When the party began their retreat, bearing with them a great quantity of plunder, packed on the horses they had stolen, Glendenning's wife, with her infant child, was placed among a long train of captives, guarded before and behind by the Indians. As they defiled along a narrow path which led through a gap in the mountains, she handed the child to the woman behind her, and, leaving it to its fate, slipped into the bushes and escaped. Being well acquainted with the woods, she succeeded, before nightfall, in reaching the spot where the ruins of her dwelling had not yet ceased to burn. Here she sought out the body of her husband, and covered it with fence rails, to protect it from the wolves. When her task was complete, and when night closed around her, the bold spirit which had hitherto borne her up, suddenly gave way. The recollection of the horrors she had witnessed, the presence of the dead, the darkness, the solitude, and the gloom of the surrounding forest, wrought upon her till her terror rose to ecstasy, and she remained until daybreak, crouched among the bushes, haunted by the threatening apparition

of an armed man, who, to her heated imagination, seemed constantly approaching to murder her.

"Some time after the butchery at Glendenning's house, an outrage was perpetrated, unmatched, in its fiend-like atrocity, through all the annals of the war. In a solitary place, deep within the settled limits of Pennsylvania, stood a small school-house, one of those rude structures of logs which, to this day, may be seen in some of the remote northern districts of New England. A man chancing to pass by was struck by the unwonted silence, and, pushing open the door, he looked within. In the centre lay the master, scalped and lifeless, with a Bible clasped in his hand, while around the room were strewn the bodies of his pupils, nine in number, miserably mangled, though one of them still retained a spark of life. It was afterwards known that the deed was committed by three or four warriors from a village near the Ohio; and it is but just to observe that, when they returned home, their conduct was disapproved by some of the tribe.

"Page after page might be filled with records like these, for the letters and journals of the day are replete with narratives no less tragical. Districts were depopulated, and the progress of the country put back for years. Those small and scattered settlements which formed the feeble van of advancing civilization were involved in general destruction, and the fate of one may stand for the fate of all. In many a woody valley of the Alleghanies, the axe and fire-brand of the settlers had laid a wide space open to the sun. Here and there, about the clearing, stood rough dwellings of logs, surrounded by enclosures and cornfields, while, farther out towards the verge of the woods, the fallen trees still cumbered the ground. From the clay built chimneys, the smoke rose in steady columns against the dark verge of the forest; and the afternoon sun, which brightened the tops of the mountains, had already left the valley in shadow. Before many hours elapsed, the night was lighted up with the glare of blazing dwellings, and the forest rang with the shrieks of the murdered inmates." pp. 383-387.

The most important military expedition that was undertaken during the war, was the one conducted by Colonel Bouquet, through the heart of Pennsylvania, to the relief of Fort Pitt. This able partisan officer led a force of about five hundred men along the road which had been cut, a few years before, by General Forbes, when advancing against Fort Du Quesne. It was now environed with difficulties and perils which might well dishearten the soldiers and tax

the energies of their commander, especially as most of the troops were recently from the West Indies, and had had no experience in forest service against the Indians. But few of the borderers, whose services, from their knowledge of the woods and the enemy, and from their skill with the rifle, would have been invaluable, could be persuaded to accompany the army; they were needed to defend their wives and children at home. Fortunately, the commander of the force, a Swiss by birth, who had held a commission for some years in the corps of Royal Americans, was a man every way qualified for his task; Bouquet united daring with discretion, and a practical knowledge of Indian warfare with considerable skill in military tactics. Mindful of the fate of Braddock, but not discouraged by it, he boldly led his small force, convoying a great train of wagons and packhorses, far into the wilderness. As Fort Ligonier was supposed to be in imminent danger, he sent out thirty of his best men to steal through the woods in advance, and force their way into the beleaguered post;—a hazardous mission, which they successfully performed.

“In the mean time, the army, advancing with slower progress, entered a country where as yet scarcely an English settler had built his cabin. Reaching Fort Loudon, on the declivities of Cove Mountain, they ascended the wood-encumbered defiles beyond. Far on their right stretched the green ridges of the Tuscarora, while, in front, mountain beyond mountain rose high against the horizon. Climbing heights and descending into valleys, passing the two solitary posts of Littleton and the Juniata, both abandoned by their garrisons, they came in sight of Fort Bedford, hemmed in by encircling mountains. Their arrival gave infinite relief to the garrison, who had long been beleaguered and endangered by a swarm of Indians, while many of the settlers in the neighborhood had been killed, and the rest driven for refuge into the fort. Captain Ourry, the commanding officer, reported that, for several weeks, nothing had been heard from the westward, every messenger having been killed, and the communication completely cut off. By the last intelligence, Fort Pitt had been surrounded by Indians, and daily threatened with a general attack.

“Having remained encamped, for three days, on the fields near the fort, Bouquet resumed his march on the twenty-eighth of July, and soon passed beyond the farthest verge of civilized habitation. The whole country lay buried in foliage. Except the

rocks which crowned the mountains, and the streams which rippled along the valleys, the unbroken forest, like a vast garment, invested the whole. The road was channelled through its depths, while, on each side, the brown trunks and tangled undergrowth formed a wall so dense as almost to bar the sight. Through a country thus formed by nature for ambuscades, not a step was free from danger, and no precaution was neglected to guard against surprise. In advance of the marching column moved the provincial rangers, closely followed by the pioneers. The wagons and cattle were in the centre, guarded in front, flank, and rear by the regulars, while a rearguard of rangers closed the line of march. Keen-eyed riflemen of the frontier, acting as scouts, scoured the woods far in front and on either flank, so that surprise was impossible. In this order the little army toiled heavily on, over a road beset with all the obstructions of the forest, until the main ridge of the Alleghanies, like a mighty wall of green, rose up before them, and they began their zigzag progress up the woody heights, amid the sweltering heats of July. The tongues of the panting oxen hung lolling from their jaws, while the pine-trees, scorching in the hot sun, diffused their resinous odors through the sultry air. At length, from the windy summit the Highland soldiers could gaze around upon a boundless panorama of forest-covered mountains, wild as their own native hills. Descending from the Alleghanies, they entered upon a country less rugged and formidable in itself, but beset with constantly increasing dangers. On the second of August, they reached Fort Ligonier, about fifty miles from Bedford, and a hundred and fifty from Carlisle. The Indians who were about the place vanished at their approach ; but the garrison could furnish no intelligence of the motions and designs of the enemy, having been completely blockaded for weeks. In this uncertainty, Bouquet resolved to leave behind the oxen and wagons, which formed the most cumbersome part of the convoy, since this would enable him to advance with greater celerity, and oppose a better resistance in case of attack. Thus relieved, the army resumed its march on the fourth, taking with them three hundred and fifty packhorses and a few cattle, and at nightfall encamped at no great distance from Ligonier. Within less than a day's march in advance lay the dangerous defiles of Turtle Creek, a stream flowing at the bottom of a deep hollow, flanked by steep declivities, along the foot of which the road at that time ran for some distance. Fearing that the enemy would lay an ambuscade at this place, Bouquet resolved to march on the following day as far as a small stream called Bushy Run, to rest there until night, and then, by a forced march, to cross Turtle Creek under cover of the darkness." pp. 351 - 359.

The next day, they made the forced march as proposed, and had already approached Bushy Run without meeting with any unusual obstructions, or seeing any signs of the enemy. But the Indians, in great force, had formed their ambuscade nearer at hand than had been anticipated. Soon after midday, the advanced guard were fiercely assailed from the woods, and when two companies were ordered forward to aid them, a rapid fire was opened on the whole line from both flanks and the rear. The savages had encircled them, and every tree, bush, and rock sheltered an enemy. But such an event had long been expected, and Bouquet coolly proceeded to execute the plan he had formed. The baggage and horses were brought together in the centre, and the troops were drawn up in lines about them on every side, facing outwards. The fire was then steadily returned, and wherever the Indians seemed to muster strongest, a company dashed forward at that point with charged bayonets, and drove them farther into the woods. While the troops were thus formed, the flight of any portion of them became impossible, except by rushing into the lion's jaws; and the men therefore maintained their ground with the firmness of desperation. Yet they were necessarily much exposed, while their agile foes, leaping from one tree to another, seldom offered a mark for a bullet. The fight thus lasted for seven hours, and the Indians only slackened their fire when it had become too dark for them to see their opponents.

Fearful was the night which followed. Not a drop of water could be had, for the troops were obliged to lie down on their arms where they had fought, and there await the renewal of the battle at the dawn. Sixty of their number were killed or disabled, and nothing could be done for the wounded but to draw them into the centre of the camp, and place flour bags to shield them from the bullets. No fires could be kindled, lest the light of the flames should guide the aim of their watchful foes, who prowled about them in the darkness, like wolves thirsting for blood. "Throughout the earlier part of the night, they kept up a dropping fire upon the camp, while, at short intervals, a wild whoop from the thick surrounding gloom told with what fierce eagerness they waited to glut their vengeance on the morrow." Bouquet's courage was imperturbable; having stationed his sentinels

and outposts, he coolly sat down and wrote a brief despatch to Sir Jeffrey Amherst, the commander of the British forces in America, to inform him of what had happened thus far, and prepare him for a still gloomier account of the events of the following day. "Whatever our fate may be," he wrote, "I thought it necessary to give Your Excellency this early information, that you may, at all events, take such measures as you will think proper with the Provinces, for their own safety, and the effectual relief of Fort Pitt."

"With the earliest dawn of day, and while the damp, cool forest was still involved in twilight, there rose around the camp a general burst of those horrible cries which form the ordinary prelude of an Indian battle. Instantly, from every side at once, the enemy opened their fire, approaching under cover of the trees and bushes, and levelling with a close and deadly aim. Often, as on the previous day, they would rush up with furious impetuosity, striving to break into the ring of troops. They were repulsed at every point; but the English, though constantly victorious, were beset with undiminished perils, while the violence of the enemy seemed every moment on the increase. True to their favorite tactics, they would never stand their ground when attacked, but vanish at the first gleam of the levelled bayonet, only to appear again the moment the danger was past. The troops, fatigued by the long march and equally long battle of the previous day, were maddened by the torments of thirst, more intolerable, says their commander, than the fire of the enemy. They were fully conscious of the peril in which they stood, of wasting away by slow degrees beneath the shot of assailants at once so daring, so cautious, and so active, and upon whom it was impossible to inflict any decisive injury. The Indians saw their distress, and pressed them closer and closer, redoubling their yells and howlings, while some of them, sheltered behind trees, assailed the troops in bad English, with abuse and derision.

"Meanwhile the interior of the camp was a scene of confusion. The horses, secured in a crowd near the intrenchment which covered the wounded, were often struck by the bullets, and wrought to the height of terror by the mingled din of whoops, shrieks, and firing. They would break away by half scores at a time, burst through the ring of troops and the outer circle of assailants, and scour madly up and down the hill sides; while many of the drivers, overcome by the terrors of a scene in which they could bear no active part, hid themselves among the bushes, and could neither hear nor obey orders.

"It was now about ten o'clock. Oppressed with heat, fatigue, and

thirst, the distressed troops still maintained a weary and wavering defence, encircling the convoy in a yet unbroken ring. They were fast falling in their ranks, and the strength and spirits of the survivors had begun to flag. If the fortunes of the day were to be retrieved, the effort must be made at once; and happily the mind of the commander was equal to the emergency. In the midst of the confusion, he conceived a stratagem alike novel and masterly. Could the Indians be brought together in a body, and made to stand their ground when attacked, there could be little doubt of the result; and to effect this object, Bouquet determined to increase their confidence, which had already amounted to an audacious pitch. Two companies of infantry, forming a part of the ring which had been exposed to the hottest fire, were ordered to fall back into the interior of the camp, while the troops on either hand joined their files across the vacant space, as if to cover the retreat of their comrades. These orders, given at a favorable moment, were executed with great promptness. The thin line of troops who took possession of the deserted part of the circle, were, from their small numbers, brought closer in towards the centre. The Indians mistook these movements for a retreat. Confident that their time was come, they leaped up on all sides, from behind the trees and bushes, and, with infernal screeches, rushed headlong towards the spot, pouring in a most heavy and galling fire. The shock was too violent to be long endured. The men struggled to maintain their posts, but the Indians seemed on the point of breaking into the heart of the camp, when the aspect of affairs was suddenly reversed. The two companies who had apparently abandoned their position, were in fact destined to begin the attack; and they now sallied out from the circle at the point where a depression in the ground, joined to the thick growth of trees, concealed them from the eyes of the Indians. Making a short detour through the woods, they came round upon the flank of the furious assailants, and discharged a deadly volley into their very midst. Numbers were seen to fall; yet though completely surprised, and utterly at a loss to understand the nature of the attack, the Indians faced about with the greatest intrepidity, and boldly returned the fire. But the Highlanders, with yells as wild as their own, fell on them with the bayonet. The shock was irresistible, and they fled before the charging ranks in a tumultuous throng. Orders had been given to two other companies, occupying a contiguous part of the circle, to support the attack whenever a favorable moment should occur; and they had therefore advanced a little from their position, and lay close crouched in ambush. The fugitive multitude, pressed by the Highland bayonets, passed directly across their front, upon

which they rose and poured upon them a second volley, no less destructive than the former. This completed the rout. The four companies, uniting, drove the flying savages through the woods, giving them no time to rally or reload their empty rifles, killing many, and scattering the rest in hopeless confusion.

"While this took place at one part of the circle, the troops and the savages had still maintained their respective positions at the other; but when the latter perceived the total rout of their comrades, and saw the troops advancing to assail them, they also lost heart, and fled. The discordant outcries which had so long deafened the ears of the English soon ceased altogether, and not a living Indian remained near the spot. About sixty corpses lay scattered over the ground. Among them were found those of several prominent chiefs, while the blood which stained the leaves of the bushes showed that numbers had fled severely wounded from the field. The soldiers took but one prisoner, whom they shot to death like a captive wolf. The loss of the English in the two battles surpassed that of the enemy, amounting to eight officers and one hundred and fifteen men." pp. 362-366.

We cannot follow the story of the war to its conclusion, and are conscious that the imperfect abstract already given of a portion of Mr. Parkman's work gives but a feeble idea of the spirit and fidelity with which he has executed his task. Our purpose is answered, however, if the passages here copied from it should direct general attention to a book which seems to furnish a more perfect sketch of the habits and character of the aborigines of this continent, and of a remarkable epoch in their history, than has yet appeared in print. As the curious materials which the author has amassed with so much industry and zeal cannot yet be exhausted, we hope soon to learn that he is engaged upon the preparation of another and more elaborate work, to which the present one may be regarded only as an introduction.